

Free Verse Poems

Poetry with no specific rhyme or meter. It is the theme that ties it all together.

Mother to Son by Langston Hughes

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|---|---------------------------------------|
| Well, son, I'll tell you: | 'Cause you finds it's kinder hard. |
| Life for me ain't been no crystal stair. | Don't you fall now -- |
| It's had tacks in it, | For I'se still goin', honey, |
| And splinters, | I'se still climbin', |
| And boards torn up, | And life for me ain't been no crystal |
| And places with no carpet on the floor - stair. | |
| Bare. | |
| But all the time | |
| I'se been a-climbin' on, | |
| And reachin' landin's, | |
| And turnin' corners, | |
| And sometimes goin' in the dark | |
| Where there ain't been no light. | |
| So boy, don't you turn back. | |
| Don't you set down on the steps | |

To A Stranger by Walt Whitman

PASSING stranger! you do not know how longingly I look upon you,
 You must be he I was seeking, or she I was seeking, (it comes to me as of
 a dream,)
 I have somewhere surely lived a life of joy with you,
 All is recall'd as we flit by each other, fluid, affectionate, chaste,
 matured,
 You grew up with me, were a boy with me or a girl with me,
 I ate with you and slept with you, your body has become not yours only
 nor left my body mine only,
 You give me the pleasure of your eyes, face, flesh, as we pass, you take
 of my beard, breast, hands, in return,
 I am not to speak to you, I am to think of you when I sit alone or wake at
 night alone,
 I am to wait, I do not doubt I am to meet you again,
 I am to see to it that I do not lose you.

OUT, OUT– by Robert Frost

The buzz-saw snarled and rattled in the yard
 And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks
 of wood,
 Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew
 across it.
 And from there those that lifted eyes could count
 Five mountain ranges one behind the other
 Under the sunset far into Vermont.
 And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and
 rattled,
 As it ran light, or had to bear a load.
 And nothing happened: day was all but done.
 Call it a day, I wish they might have said
 To please the boy by giving him the half hour
 That a boy counts so much when saved from
 work.
 His sister stood beside them in her apron
 To tell them 'Supper'. At the word, the saw,
 As if to prove saws knew what supper meant,
 Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap-
 He must have given the hand. However it was,
 Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!
 The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh.
 As he swung toward them holding up the hand

Half in appeal, but half as if to keep
 The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all--
 Since he was old enough to know, big boy
 Doing a man's work, though a child at heart--
 He saw all spoiled. 'Don't let him cut my hand off
 The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!'
 So. But the hand was gone already.
 The doctor put him in the dark of ether.
 He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.
 And then -- the watcher at his pulse took fright.
 No one believed. They listened at his heart.
 Little -- less -- nothing! -- and that ended it.
 No more to build on there. And they, since they
 Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.